absolutely ignoring the hat incident-aren't

some women cats!--repeats "Now?" ques-

"I don't know. Of course you say you're

sorry, but how can I tell until I have

That is too much, and having some

feminine sympathies in stock, you welcome

ushered in your quest to see the very be-

ginning of these Easter hats, their evolu-

tion from chrysalis to butterfly; for what

the frame is to the picture, the froth to the

champagne, the soufflé to-the omelet, so

is the Easter hat to the wearer.

watched your actions for a while?"

PERFECT DREAMS FOR EASTER | When you pay \$100 or \$150 for a hat you lowly, "Will you forgive me now?" and she are getting value in real lace, in expensive absolutely ignoring the hat incident—aren't

THAT IS WHAT THEY ARE. ANY WOMAN WILL TELL YOU.

In Other Words They Are the Hats That Cost From \$100 Up-If a Woman's Lucky She Gets Five or Six-There Is Value in Them, as Some Roses Cost \$20 Each.

According to a fashionable Fifth avenue milliner the word Easter when applied to a hat does not have the same limitation as of old, when it meant that the creation was ordered for that day and constructed according to that order.

"We still call them Easter hats," she explains, "but the New York woman won't wait for the festival to get around. She wears hers two Sundays before, but she clings to the name with the greatest pertinacity."



flowers or feathers, in accessories, what-

"Do women buy many of these hats?"

"Oh, five or six," is the nonchalant an-

swer, "rarely more in a season. Two or

Neapolitan straw with a very simple trim-

ming, a rosette of ribbon and two mag-

nificent roses of a new shade of red. As she

answers the summons the girl picks a leaf

or two of the twin flowers as if she were

accustomed to make salad of them.

average figure for a good hat here.

three is a fair average."

ever they may be, and \$135 is a very fair tioningly and after a moment says coolly,

She beckons a salesgirl who is twirling a the coming of the lift, into which you are

BEHIND THE SCENES IN A FIFTH AVENUE SHOP.

The importance of the Easter hat as a mendous amount of work involved in its creation in this one establishment, fairly representative of those shops on the aveand heavy purse and in the short space of half an hour can walk out with a light purse and heavy heart-a weight, however, which is balanced by the memory of the perfect dream which has caused the exchange.

Orders for approximately 2,000 hats were received in this establishment prior to Easter Sunday. It is not an establishment where the woman of moderate income feels herself at home. In fact unless she is drawn by the magnet of a special bargain day, an event of semi-annual occurrence, she is apt to cover her eyes with her handkerchief and run by as hard as she can sprint. There are women who can go through all sorts of heartrending ex- | ish at the loss of that particular hat. He periences, have the rent raised, the telephone cut off, the dog die or even lose an | in a black tailor made with a Madonna face occasional sweetheart and display an astounding amount of self-restraint, but they simply can't go by that particular show room window without breaking at least | the millinery experts testify is the very one of the commandments.

For the wares displayed with such you had the audacity to ask her what the cheapest hat might be.

After one of the attendants has brought partially recovered she explains that there an old customer they would put a couple of quills on a straw hat and would not ask more than \$25 for it, but that is not a precedent that she cares to discuss even in conversation. It just hurts her to talk about

you can from the painful topic. "And the most expensive?" Again there is a slight demur at the choice of words. Nothing is expensive, she ex- approval." The price is \$100. plains, that is worth the money expended.

"This is a very reasonable one." the leadcommercial problem is shown by the tre- ing lady remarks. "See, it is only \$75, and a perfect ducky-dear, I think.

Where is the value represented? Why. in the roses. They sell at \$20 each, our own nue where you can go in with a light heart | importation and named after the firm. With a wreath of them around the crown you could soon run up the price of a hat to what some might consider an extravagant figure, but I think it would be worth whatever was charged. Did you ever see such wonderful color in an artificial flower?"

That the hat shoppers agree with the leading lady is evident, for the perfect dream is snapped up immediately by a very pretty girl who came in an automobile and described as being very discreet, as she has never brought a man in with her to pay her bills.

There is a very handsome man, a real husband, sitting by, and he looks quite peevwanted it for his wife, a smart young woman and smooth hair parted in the middle and brought down plainly to a coil in the nape of the neck, a style of hairdressing which hardest to fit to a hat. The husband, however, has done pretty

prodigality of material and prices are not | well, considering. There have been selected for this woman, except when recklessness | a big brown sailor with two long quills reaches fever heat. If proof of this were | set aslant, a dark blue straw whose high needed it would be found in the facial ex- steeple crown is environed with a wreath pression of the leading lady of the show- of flowers, a smoke gray straw with five room when you inadvertently mention the plumes of gray and blue mixed and a sash of within those sacred portals. smoke gray about the crown. He had n When you think it over you wonder how asked the price of any of them; but the salesgirl whispered that they would not come to more than \$250.

He is trying to make his wife take another. her a glass of filtered water and she has two others if she pleases, but she shakes her head wearily. "I wouldn't try on anhave been rare occasions when to oblige other for anything," is her answer to his request.

But the salesgirl stands temptingly in the path with a confection from a nearby case held alluringly in their direction. Her glance seems to say that while they might \$25 hats, and to make her feel better you be able to stagger through eternity without take a brave verbal leap as far away as | that particular chattel, it would be a sad and uninteresting journey.

"She doesn't feel like trying on any more, says the husband, "but you can put it in

As they go out he is heard to murmur



You see a blond beauty sitting languidly in a tapestried chair against a screen of old brocade, the suave flatteries of an expert saleswoman in her ears, her eyes behind their languor cleverly conscious of the ensemble, and further away a dusk brunette with a crimson har which is tilted to show her hair, black as a raven's wing. her white skin and lustrous eyes.

She is alertly alive and is gest ring ear erly To and fro through the rooms, low voiced, patient, polite, others wait their turn, and through it the assistants in handson e gowns, with manners trained to suit every possible feminine caprice, flit with equal grace. To pay for these caprices hundreds of men in Wall Street are leaning over ticker

It is an interior where every day thousands of dollars are given in exchange for passing of fragrant gowns, the showcases | the most ephemeral of all feminine frivolifilled with kaleidoscopic bunches of colors, ties. It is the place where talent, the highmasses of scarlet, yellow, green, blue. est of its kind, meets its due reward of ap-

preciation and its balance in the coin o the realm. It is one of the most interesting tollgates along the feminine path of pleas-

In its effect it is quite different from the big room overhead, which is electric lighted, although the day outside is bright and sunny, for there must be a steady illumination here, in which all shades and tints have dependable values. This is the workroom where the perfect dreams are made.

In this room and the one adjoining are long tables, paralleled down the centre on which are piled all the paraphernalia of sewing. At each table sit eight or ten girls, under the superintendence of a designer or head milliner.

Most of the girls are young, many of them in their teens, and nearly all of them are pretty. Their hair is fluffily arranged; some of them wear dainty aprons, their sleeves are rolled up, showing shapely arms, and their expression is of quiet content in the sphere of life in which they find themselves. There was not one discontented girl seen in the whole two or three hundred, while there were many who were so absorbed in the matching of tints, the clever manipulation of bows and rosettes, the combination of certain flowers that they were utterly unconscious of the presence of strangers.

Not all, however. One young thing sidles up and bites the stem of a rose while she asks demurely:

"Are you going to take all our pictures or only a few? Can't you squeeze me in? I'm little. And when will it come out?"

They are a merry lot, apparently, these milliner girls, and little discipline has to be preserved, for they are too interested in their work to neglect it. At one table girl, looking as absorbed as if she were painting a canvas, is putting the last stitches into a mass of brocade silk which looks as if it might have belonged to an old fashioned gown of the Sir Joshua Reynolds epoch. It has been formed into a mushhana fulled about the the brim outlined with narrow rows of black velvet. The girl acknowledges the praise of her work

"It is the first hat I ever designed," she confesses.

She tries it on and you can't he'p hoping that the sometime owner will look as piquant and pleasing as the maker.

"Don't you ever wender who is going to

wear these hats?" is asked this gir, "Often," she answers. "Sometimes we see them on the street, and it is quite a habit with all of us to count how many of our hats we can find on the avenue when we go out, for we think they are the prettiest in town or in the world, I guess."

Near the visitors is seated a grave young person who is studying the effect of a big. bunch of purple irises and mauve orchids.

and the trying on process is always one of intense seriousness Girls stop with thread half bitten, plumes held in air like the outriders of a stage army, pins half poked in, to make their own silent

of her neighbor.

criticism of approval or dismay. Occasionally a murmur of delight runs around a particular table and "Ain't it a peach!" or "That for me every time!" breaks the

Possibly a hat has passed through half dozen hands before it finally reaches the judge, who is very critical in regard to it and notes every deficiency with eagle, eye. If she fails in this be sure it will be noted when it has passed out of her ken

When she sees that attention is directed approval as one of the milliners shows a completed hat, the first of half a dozen toward her she holds them up against a head, not her own, which is well coiffured ordered for the bridesmaids at a Philadelphia wedding. It is of white lace, the and attractive, but against a blond one broad, down dropped brim covered with narrow flutings of lace and blue ribben. At the head of the tables sit the designers a tiny wreath of pink roses outlines the high salarfed persons these, to whom the crown, and there is a broad bandeau of blue

hats made under their direction are brought underneath. It costs only \$40." when the last stitches have been taken. "When I'm married I ain't goin' to wear There is an oval mirror in front of each hat. I won't have people say I'm advertisin' the firm."

> "He----You never find out what he did or did not do, for your attention is attracted at that moment by the designer, who has a moment of leisure and you take advantage of it. She

is French, fluffy haired and young.
"Where do I get my ideas? Oh, I don't know, I get them everywhere. Twice a year our buyers go to Paris siways to Paris, never anywhere else-and purchases the most attractive models.

"From these I get many impres combine the trimmings of some with the shapes of others. I try combinations of and goes to the final court of appeal, into colors, while the regular milliners and copy-

"There was never a time when the hat

"Take the new diabolo shape, for example;

"Then the new colors, the duck green,



madame's sanctum, the place where every hat that leaves the establishment must make a last appearance.

thing like this:

"No, the gray plume is on the leftdone the chasin', just as I told you.

"I saw the sweetest girl with a V neck with real Cluny underneath." to pay for herself."

way, never!" Then there is a long, large round "Oh!" of | charge of special orders.

binations. The women who know expect designers to combine the most weird tiets and colors, and the ensemble must be abso-

One might think that one had stepped from the core of New York life as shown on the Fifth avenue pavements to a Paris interior, for the greater part of the conversation is carried on in French. The designers are French, the model hats have all been imported, the greater part of the stock has had a foreign genesis, and the girls look not unlike French girls in their coquetries of dress and manner, the fun they poke at the one male buyer and the undercurrent of bubbling gayety.

"I think the black band ought to go round that way and

"He told me all about it and it was her

"He was so mean that he told her if she prought the other girl along she'd have Yes, heliotrope maline under the crown

lutely harmonious. For example, take this. She shows a hat made of many shades of

violets and orchid tints and surrounded with a wreath of blue cornflowers. Would you think those colors could be put together unless you saw it? The secret is in the gradations and mingling. At the feather table the curler is lamenting the fact that the winter demand has

made a great deficit in the supply of her material. "If you should go to Paradise you wouldn't

find a bird there," she says sadly. fow we do get are worth their w perhaps hear a pronoun sometimes brought | gold, and all the gulls' breasts you have been into the conversation. It is a pronoun of admiring, fashionable as they are, are made the third person, singular number, mas- at the factories, for it is against the law to culine gender. The conversation is some- sell one of the real ones or to have it in your possession.

"Aigrettes have gone up in price. Here is a white hat with just a little chiffon on it and a big bunch of aigrettes and it is priced at \$80. In a few years those aigrettes will be worth twice that sum if the fashion for them centinues."

It was only a few years ago that all the hats were sent out under the care of small girls who were a feature of the daily promenade, but the times are too strenuous for any such slow method of delivery, and now "The idea, I never thought of him that only a half dozen are kept on the employees list, and they are called on to take

SECOND FURNITURE PERIOD

THE FIRST IS THAT OF, THE ARTISTIC ANTIQUE. It is Bought at Auction by the Newly Married and Enthusiasm Hides Its

Defects-With Prosperity Comes Furniture Frankly New, and Comfortable. "There's no question about it," said Mrs. Honeymooner when her husband came home that night. "The Smiths have a most artistic flat, and they paid very little

for the fitting of it. "All the furniture is genuine antique. Came from old South Carolina plantations and those other places down South.

"You know those old families send their things up here to be sold. Southerners are so proud that they don't like to sell 'em where they live."

Mr. Honeymooner listened while the waitress brought the dinner provided by the apartment hotel. He was glad to hear about the cheapness of this style of furniture because their own nest was being made ready.

"So I'm going to buy everything at auction," Mrs. Honeymooner went on, scarcely noticing in her enthusiasm that she had taken canned corn for three nights in succession, "and you'll see what artistic

rooms we'll have.' So she haunted the auctions and a varied lot of chairs that creaked ominously whenever they were sat on, bookcases that refused to shut after they had been sub-mitted to a very moderate allowance of the steam heat in the flat, chests of drawers with a most perverse desire to stay shutthese familiar artiques were soon placed about the Honeymooners' new flat. there were tables that would wabble howver the carpenter might work to adjust

their legs to a common length.

They were more or less accurate reproductions of old models and made a tasteful w in the little rooms of the apartment. the captious the veneer might seem a too brilliant, and the brass knobs and handles certainly shone with a brazen glow that did not suggest antiquity. visual appeal of the rooms, however, was success, whatever might be thought of

"Ridiculous," replied the happy Mrs. Honeymooner, when the less artistic half of the family grumbled out the desire to sit down just once in a chair that did not creak menacingly. "Real antiques cannot creak menacingly. "Real antiques cannot be as strong as a kitchen chair. You must

ealize that the Honeymooners continued to dwell as comfortably as possible among the antiques which the superior wealth of the North had grasped from the proud amilies of the South who needed the money.

t would have been heartless to disabuse the mind of Mrs. Honeymooner as to their origin. None but a brute could have turned around the chests of drawers and

showed her the new wood in the back or called attention to the very obvious newness pushing it behind the sofa. "Couldn't help of the metal work. She was in that first happy stage of the

antique fever. Then all mahogany is old, all brasses are the original ornaments and there is no guile in the vender of artistic objects. In the face of such faith, who could have led her by the hand over to Fourth avenue and called her attention to what her eyes refused to see? Many times had she passed by the little shops in the side streets and failed to see

the piles of genuine clawfeet, turned out by machinery until hundreds awaited the arrival of the searcher for this or that antique piece. Perhaps the dealer did not have it: but he knew somebody who did. So anything in the clawfoot line was certain to be ready by the next day.

The supply of antique brass drawer handles, knobs, or ornaments as large as

several factories, always at work, can make them, is another disillusionizing detail to which the seeker after the antique seems equally blind. Mrs. Honeymooner was as lucky as the rest of her kind in escaping interruption to her blissful dream of beautiful antiques, genuine and at a price within the means of a young couple just starting on their way in life

There's no question about it," said Mrs. Honeymooner, when her husband home on the night she put the finishing home on the night she put the finishing home on their apartment. We have just as artistic a flat as the Smiths did and we paid very little for it. All our furniture is genuine antique—came from old South Carolina plantations."

During the time intervening between the marriage of the Honeymooners and their acquisition of their own home the Smiths prospered. Smith got an interest in a magazine and the amount of advertising he secured for it made his holding much mo profitable than he had ever suspected it

The Smiths consequently acquired a house and a runabout. Then they had a small motor car of the same description. Smith of course used to run it himself, but it was not long before he plunged about in a French touring car with a be-furred chauffeur at the wheel. It was not consistent to combine such

means of transportation with life in a flat although Smith got the rigs cheaper through his advertising interests, so he bought a house. They had just moved in when the Honeymooners decided they were ready to entertain, and kept their promise to themselves that the Smiths should be their first guests.

"Perhaps its her money that's made her different," sighed Mis. Honeymooner after the entertainment was over, as she prepared to carry the whiskey and soda glasses out to the pantry, whence issued already the snores of the exhausted maid. "There are mighty few that can stand it."

"Bosh!" answered her husband, who was dropping the contents of the ash trays out of the window that the sitting room might not small of stale snoke in the morning.

not smell of stale smoke in the morning.
"I thought she seemed very different. She scarcely said a word about our beautiful furniture. Merely looked around and said, yes, it was pretty. I remember how I raved over hers. It was pretty, too; but no prettier

than ours. "Thought you were a copy cat probably," answered her husband, who had finished celling sore because you'd made the place

Mrs. Honeymooner was well down the "Well, we'll see how her new place looks next week," she called hack to the faithful Honeymooner, who had just blown out the lamp at the risk of losing an eyebrow. Whatever she has I'm going to be just as

sniffy about it."

The night of the dinner at the Smiths' found their friends on time. Mrs. Honeymooner sweet the hall and drawing room at a glance as the maid took her cloak. a glance as the maid took her cloak. They were a minute alone in the drawing room and Mrs. Honeymooner had the time to make her observation thorough.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" she whispered dramatically to her husband, "There isn't a stick of old furniture anywhere in the room."

Even the eye of a man to whom such matters offered little interest could not fail to mark the brand new appearance.

fail to mark the brand new appearance of the furniture. There were in the room uphoistered chairs firm as a mountain, but soft as a feather mattress to the tired There were leather chairs that did not totter nor creak under the weight of the heaviest guest.

At dinner they sat on chairs of wood and leather which wabbled no more than the firm table, on which one indifferent

to the finest points of table etiquette might ean his elbows without danger of shaking the glasses. "Your house is lovely," Mrs. Honey-mooner said when the two women were

together, forgetting her unfriendly decision under the warmth of her friend's hospitality. "But what did you do with all your beautiful old furniture?"

"Don't mention it!" Mrs. Smith said, "We count that as a part of our earliest struggles. John and I used always to say that we would get comfortable furniture whenever we were rich enough. Of course, it didn't mean to be very rich, but it meant a good deal for us. He never ceased to quarrel about the rickety stuff although it all seemed beautiful enough to me. I didn't mind if it did creak and totter. I loved it."

"But you gave it all up?"

"What there was left of it at the end of four years," the hostess went on, "Of course, it didn't wear with us as well as it had for the century or two it spent on the Southern plantation Mrs. Honeymooner was as fond of her

antiques that night as she had ever been, and refused to join her husband in his enthusiastic praise of Smith's comfortable chairs. She thought her antiques were much more artistic. It happened that the Honeymooners prospered too, and another home was the natural result. There had to be new fur-niture as well. The antiques had followed,

the way of Mrs. Smith's and lost the youthful strength of their apocryphal days on the Southern plantation.

Mrs. Honeymooner bought the furniture again. The new followed in its general fashion that of the second Smith period.

"For it's more comfortable, really," she explained, "when you're young. Now we're old enough to be comfortable, and we

can afford it."
"Yes," assented her husband. "And we don't have to be so darned artistic."

MISS CHUBB MAKING USE OF HER MANUAL ARTS TRAINING.

She Has Designed and Proposes to Construct With Her Own Hands a Home in the Country-Furnishings for the House to Be of Her Own Handleraft Also.

To build her own bungalow is the project which Miss Eva Irene Chubb, a pupil in the manual arts department at Teachers College, is planning to carry out this summer. Miss Chubb proposes to be her own architect and to do a good part of the building with her own hands as well as to supervise that part which she isn't able to do hersolf, such for instance as the excavation for the cellar. So confident is she that her bungalow will be finished and ready for occupancy by August 1 that she has already

given invitations for a housewarming. The bungalow is to be built on her father's farm of 350 acres, a few miles north of Albany, at Schuylerville. On a knoll about half a mile from the house is the site. It is a beautiful stretch of country and from the broad veranda of the bungalow one will be able to look out on a pretty and picturesque stream, the Saratoga River, which winds in and out among the hill-

and valleys thereabouts. On the bank of the river, which is not more than fifty feet from where the buns galow will stand, Miss Chubb will creek a boathouse which is to house a slick little Thousand Islands craft which this young woman is now in the process of building. For this addition to the plant she bought plans and cut her boat accordingly, making no more ado about it than most women

might about a dress or a shirtwaist. Miss Chubb expects to leave college about May 1 and return to her home in order to put her project into operation, and much of her time meanwhile is being spent in studying the mysteries of building construction and in perfecting her plans so that she can proceed with as little delay as possible. When seen at the college recently she was at her bench deep in the mysteries of cabinetmaking.

She was just putting the finishing touches to a table done in mission style, one of a number of similar pieces of furniture designed for the new bungalow. For everything now is being done with that end in view, and up to date there are besides the table a settle, a wood box, a tabourette and a desk.

Miss Chubb, who looks like a girl that can do things, didn't think that her determination to build her own bungalow was a matter of exciting moment. It just looked to her like a plain every day sort of operation

which any one might accomplish if her mind happened to be turned in that direction. But her friends don't think so they gaze upon her with profound admiration, and after they have endeavored to drive nails in their dormitory bedrooms, with the deepest respect.

In explaining her plans Miss Chubb pointed out that she was aiming more at comfort and a certain picturesqueness of aspect than a solution of any deep problem building construction. "I simply mean to have a bungalow where I can entertain my friends," she said. "it will be along the lines of a woods camp,

with nothing of the elaborate detail that characterizes some of the bungatows one pictured in the magazines. My plans call for a three room building on one floor, with a fireplace, broad veranda and a few of the accessories of the sort that go to make up a typical summer camp, though as a matter of fact the building could be used until snow flies if de ired, the

way it will be built. "Nothing unusual will mark the construction as to the frame work. Half logs from which much of the bark has been removed will cover the outer walls. These will afterward be stained with a good creosote stain in green, one that will stand the weather and not fade.

"The shack will have somewhat the appearance of a log cabin and will be par-ticularly in harmony with the surroundings for it will be nestled in the midst of a grove of maples. Fortunately there is plenty of maple and birch on the place which are available, so that this will, for me, reduce the cost of construction. "The interior finish and trim will consist probably of the maple and the sawing can

done at the mill in town. product of the farm which will be brought use is the field stone, which will be used to build the fireplace and also for the four stout square pillars which will support the ten foot veranda running across the front Besides one large living room covering 16 by 24 feet floor space there will be a bed-

chamber nearly as large except for a small space taken from it to be used for a kitch-

enette. The latter opens, as does the bed-room, from the living room on one side of the fireplace. Panels of birch will sheathe the walls of the rooms, while the ceiling will show beams and ratters of maple left in a semirough finish. On either side of the fireplace, which will be big epough to take in six foot logs, a settle will be built, and in two corners of the room at either side

of the front door low divans will be placed.

over which book shelves will be hung or

rather built in.' When, asked if she looked for any diffi-culty in building Miss Chubb said she didn't erross bridges until she got to them, but so far as she could see she didn't think she would have any trouble; at any rate she wasn't looking for it. By no means the least attractive part of the furnishings of the bungalow will be the

articles which Miss Chubb has made herself in the manual arts course at the college. In fact it might be safely predicted that nearly all of the furnishings will be in the handierafts.

MANY GIFTS TO SALESWOMEN

AS REWARDS FROM CUSTOMERS WHO ARE WELL SERVED.

A Complete Outlit of Lingeric for a Young Woman About to Wed Who Had Pleased a Shopper-in the High Class Shops Largess at Holiday Time is Common.

Saleswomen have learned that it pays to be attentive to customers.

In the days when women were feeling their way along toward business recog-nition and positions of trus, and were not woman added: "I did take a lot of trouble so cocksure of finding work in a department store as they are now their business manners were better, it is said. As a rule the saleswoman was more interested in gaining a customer than in the set of her hair puffs or the fit of a bracelet. This painstaking attitude in many instances has quite disappeared in favor of an "I am it" expression not so highly appreciated by

customers. In consequence nowadays a customer who chances on a saleswoman anxious and willing to please, who takes an interes; or simulates an interest in the customer's selections and who really goes to some trouble to get her what she wants is delighted. She asks for the saleswoman's store number or her name, and at her next visit to that department she asks for that saleswoman and will take no one else if she can help it. If her favorite is absent the customer will often postpone her s'ropping until the next day.

Once her confidence is gained she will buy twice as many goods usually as she would buy from a saleswoman who thinks her duty done when she spreads out the merchandis; asced for. Tais along is a feather in the si'eswoman's cap, the size of her sales having a distinct relation to the size of her pay.

But the matter doesn't end there. New York's rich women are plentiful and they are generous. Some instances: "I shall be in next week to see you about

the other things; I haven't time to-day," a customer told a saleswoman, and in reply was informed that the saieswoman would | are always at the service of known custom not be on hand then, that she expected to go to the hospital in a few days for an operation. That same afternoon the girl received a present of \$50 from the customer, and while in the hospital many gifts of jelly and flowers from the same source,

Last winter a young woman about to be married was presented with a complete outfit of lingerie, such as in her wildest dreams she had never hoped to possess, by a customer whose wants she had attended to for nearly five years. What is more, the woman almost wept on learning that her favorite was going to leave the store.

In sharp distinction to this is the case of a much confured, jewelry trimmed young woman who remarked to a customer she occasionally served: "I shall not be here after to-day. I am going to be married," and got this reply: "Well, I hope you will and got this reply: "Well, I hope you will make a better wife than you have a sales-

woman In the higher class shops at the holidays. saleswomen who have been lucky enough to attract a personal clientele receive many vidences of the liking of their customers One got ten presents last year, the smallest costing \$10, the largest \$60, and in the same store at least twenty young women were remembered generously by customers both at Christmas and at Easter. In telling of the gift of a handsome breast

to help that young woman select her trous-seau, or as much of it as she bought here, often getting permission to leave my own department to take her to another department and put her in good hands, but I never expected any other reward than the big bill of goods she bought." The widow of a once very prominent Washington Government official, who doesn't live in New York but does her shopping here, never fails to remember at Christmas certain employees of certain shops upon

whom she relies to fill all her orders, whether given in person or by mail, and her presents are always handsome and selected with appreciation. This practice is followed by many other out of town women.

The owner of a pink coral chain which is the envy of every one who sees it is a saleswoman in one of the best known department stores. Every link of the chain, which is one and a half yards long, is executed by the chain of the chain.

of coral to be found in Europe, where it was purchased. It was on her return from a European trip that the purchaser nearly took the saleswoman's breath away by presenting her with the chain. "And I had thought her as unappreciative as she is exacting," confessed the saleswoman afterward, re

proaching herself.

One of the largest gifts yet given to a saleswoman by a customer, so far as known. was made a few years ago in the will of a prominent New York woman. A sales-woman who for five years had invariably waited on her when she visited a certain department got \$5,000.

There is one case of a woman employee of a New York store asigng customers not to give her presents. This woman ranks higher than a saleswoman and she is not onfined to any one department. lovely disposition, her advice and assistance ers of the house, and time and time again she is asked to lend a hand in making selections. Acknowledgment of her courtesy meant before long a shower of gifts and offers of other attentions which meant a money outlay, and they placed her under obligations which she found hampered an impartial distribution of her aftention to customers. Now she always declines gifts with much gratitude and without giving offer re, and manages to let customers know

in advance her attitude. Were I a saleswoman restricted to one department of course my feeling would be quite different," she admits.